

THE BLACK ROBE.

By Wilkie Collins.

—AUTHOR OF—
"THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "THE MOON-STONE," "AFTER DARK," "NO NAME," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE LAW AND THE LADY," "THE NEW MAGDALEN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.—PENROSE AND ROMAYNE.

On the next day Penrose arrived on his visit to Romayne. The affectionate meeting between the two men tested Stella's self-control as it had never been tried yet. She submitted to the ordeal with the courage of a woman whose happiness depended on her outward graciousness of manner toward her husband's friend. Her reception of Penrose, viewed as an act of refined courtesy, was beyond reproach. When she found her opportunity of leaving the room, Romayne gratefully opened the door for her. "Thank you!" he whispered, with a look which was intended to reward her.

She only bowed to him, and took refuge in her own room.

Even in trifles a woman's nature is degraded by the falsities of language and manner which the artificial condition of modern society exacts from her. When she yields herself to more serious deceptions, intended to protect her dearest domestic interests, the mischief is increased in proportion. Deceit, which is the natural weapon of defense used by the weak creature against the strong, then ceases to be confined within the limits assigned by the scene of self-respect and by the restraints of education. A woman in this position will descend, self-blinded, to acts of meanness which would be revolting to her if they were refused of another person. Stella had already begun the process of self-degradation by writing secretly to Winterfield. It was only to warn him of the danger of trusting Father Benwell—but it was a letter claiming him as her accomplice in an act of deception. That morning she had received Penrose, with the outward cordialities of welcome which are offered to an old and dear friend. And now, in the safe seclusion of her room, she had fallen to a cold, untrusting still. She was deliberately considering the safest means of acquainting herself with the confidential conversation which Romayne and Penrose would certainly hold when she left them together.

"He will try to set my husband against me, and I have a right to know what means he uses in my own defense." With that thought she reconciled her despair to an action which she would have despised if she had heard of it as the action of another woman. It was a beautiful autumn day, brightened by clear sunshine, enlivened by crisp air. Stella put on her hat and went out for a stroll in the grounds. While she was within view from the windows of the servants' offices she walked away from the house. Turning the corner of a shrubbery, she entered a winding path on the other side, which led back to the lawn under Romayne's study window. Garden chairs were placed here and there. She took one of them and seated herself—after a last moment of honorable hesitation—where she could hear the men's voices through the open window above her.

Penrose was speaking at the time. "Yes, Father Benwell has granted me a holiday," he said; "but I don't come here to be an idle man. You must allow me to employ my term of leave in the pleasantest of all ways. I mean to be your secretary again."

Romayne sighed. "Ah, if you knew how I have missed you!" Stella waited in breathless expectation for what Penrose would say to this. Would he speak of her? No. There was a natural tact and delicacy in him which waited for the husband to introduce the subject.

Penrose only said: "How is the great work getting on?" The answer was sternly spoken in one word: "Badly!"

"I am surprised to hear that, Romayne."

"Why? Were you as innocently hopeful as I was? Did you expect my experience of married life to help me in writing my book?"

Penrose replied after a pause, speaking a little sadly.

"I expected your married life to encourage you in all your highest aspirations," he said. Stella turned pale with suppressed anger. He had spoken with perfect sincerity. The unhappy woman believed that he lied for the express purpose of rousing irritation against her in her husband's irritable mind. She listened anxiously for Romayne's answer.

He made no answer. Penrose changed the subject.

"You are not looking very well," he gently resumed. "I am afraid your health has interfered with your work. Have you had any return?"

never liked to hear the terrible delusion of the voice referred to in words.

"Yes," he interposed, bitterly; "I have heard it again and again. My right hand is as red as ever, Penrose, with the blood of a fellow-creature. Another destruction of my illusions, when I married!"

"Romayne, I don't like to hear you speak of your marriage in that way."

"Oh, very well. Let us go back to my book. Perhaps I shall get on better with it now you are here to help me. My ambition to make a name in the world has never taken so strong a hold on me (I don't know why, unless other disappointments have had something to do with it) as at this time, when I find I can't give my mind to my work. We will make a last effort together, my friend. If it fails we will put my manuscripts into the fire, and I will try some other career. Politics are open to me. Through politics I might make my mark in diplomacy. There is something in directing the destinies of nations wonderfully attractive to me in my present state of feeling. I hate the idea of being indebted for my position in the world, like the veriest fool living, to the accidents of birth and fortune. Are you content with the obscure life that you lead? Did you not envy that priest (he is no older than I am) who was sent the other day as the Pope's ambassador to Portugal?"

Penrose spoke out at last without any hesitation:

"You are in a thoroughly unwholesome state of mind," he said. Romayne laughed recklessly.

"When was I ever in a healthy state of mind?" he asked.

Penrose passed the interruption over without notice.

"If I am to do you any good," he resumed, "I must know what is really the matter with you. The very last question that I ought to put, and that I wish to put, is the question which you force me to ask."

"What is it?"

"When you speak of your married life," said Penrose, "your tone is the tone of a disappointed man. Have you any serious reason to complain of Mrs. Romayne?"

Stella rose to her feet in her eagerness to hear what her husband's answer would be.

"Serious reasons!" Romayne repeated. "How can such an idea have entered your head? I only complain of irritating trifles now and then. Even the best of women is not perfect. It is hard to expect it from any of them."

The interpretation of this reply depended entirely on the tone in which it was spoken. What was the animating spirit in this case? Irony? or indulgence? Stella was ignorant of the indirect methods of irritation, by means of which Father Benwell had encouraged Romayne's doubts of his wife's motive for the reception of Winterfield. Her husband's tone, expressing this state of mind, was new to her. She sat down again, divided between hope and fear, waiting to hear more. The next words, spoken by Penrose, astonished her. The priest, actually took the wife's side!

"Romayne," he proceeded, quietly, "I want you to be happy."

"I will try and tell you. I believe your wife to be a good woman. I believe she loves you. There is something in her face that speaks for her—even to an inexperienced person like myself. Don't be impatient with her! Put away from you that besetting temptation to speak in irony—it is so easy to take that tone, and sometimes so cruel. Am I only a looker-on, I know. Domestic happiness can never be the happiness of my life. But I have observed my fellow-creatures of all degrees—and this I tell you is the result. The largest number of happy men are the husbands and fathers. Yes; I admit that they have terrible anxieties—but they are fortified by unfailing compensations and encouragements. Only the other day I met with a man who had suffered the loss of fortune and worse still the loss of health. He endured those afflictions so calmly that he surprised me. 'What is the secret of your philosophy?' I asked. He answered: 'I can bear anything while I have my wife and my children. Think of that and judge for yourself how much happiness you may have left yet unguished in your married life.'"

Those words touched Stella's higher nature, as the dew touches the thirist's ground. Surely they were nobly spoken! How would her husband receive them?

"I must think with my mind, Penrose, before I can do what you ask of me. Is there any method of transformation by which I can change natures with you?" That was all he said, and he said it despondingly.

Penrose understood and felt for him.

"If there is anything in my nature worthy to be set as an example to you," he replied, "you know to what blessed influence I owe self-discipline and serenity of mind. Remember what I said when I left you in London to go back to my friendless life. I told you that I found in the faith I held the one sufficient consolation which helped me to bear my lot. And—if there came a time of sorrow in the future—I entreated you to remember what I had said. Have you remembered it?"

"Look at the book here on my desk—look at the other books, within easy reach, on that table—are you satisfied?"

"More than satisfied. Tell me—do you feel nearer to an understanding of the faith to which I have tried to convert you?"

There was a pause. "Say that I do feel nearer," Romayne resumed—"say that some of my objections are removed, are you really as eager as ever to convert me now that I am a married man?"

"I am even more eager," Penrose answered. "I have always believed that your one sure way to happiness lay through your conversion. Now, when I know from what I have seen and heard in this room, that you are not reconciled, as you should be, to your new life, I am doubly confirmed in my belief. As God is my witness, I speak sincerely. Hesitate no longer! Be converted and be happy."

"Have you not forgotten something, Penrose?"

"What have I forgotten?"

"A serious consideration, perhaps. I have a Protestant wife."

"I have borne that in mind, Romayne, throughout our conversation."

"And you still say—what you have just said?"

"With my whole heart, I say it! Be converted and be happy. Be happy and you will be a good husband. I speak in your wife's interest as well as in yours. People who are happy in each other's society will yield a little on either side, even on questions of religious belief. And perhaps there may follow a more profitable result still. So far as I have observed, a good husband's example is gladly followed by his wife. Don't think that I am trying to persuade you against your will! I am only telling you, in my own justification, from what motives of love for yourself, and of true interest in your welfare, I speak. You implied just now that you had still some objections left. If I can remove them, well and good. If I fail—if you cannot act on purely conscientious conviction—I not only advise, I entreat, you to remain as you are. I shall be the first to acknowledge that you have done right."

This moderation of tone would appear irresistibly (as Stella well knew) to her husband's ready appreciation of which he did not himself possess. Once more her suspicion wronged Penrose. Had he his own interested motives for pleading her cause? At the bare thought of it she left her chair, and standing under the window, boldly interrupted the conversation by calling to Romayne.

"Lewis!" she cried, "why do you stay indoors on this beautiful day? I am sure Mr. Penrose would like to walk on the grounds."

Penrose appeared alone at the window.

"You are quite right, Mrs. Romayne," he said, "we will join you directly."

In a few minutes he turned the corner of the house and met Stella on the lawn. Romayne was not with him.

"Is my husband not coming with us?" she asked.

"He will follow us," Penrose answered. "I believe he has some letters to write."

Stella looked at him, suspecting some underhand exercise of influence on her husband.

He had been able to estimate the noble qualities in the nature of Penrose, she might have done him the justice to arrive at a truer conclusion. It was he who asked leave to take the opportunity of speaking alone with Mrs. Romayne. He had said to his friend: "If I am wrong in my view of the effect of your change of religion on your wife, let me find it out from herself. My one object is to set justly toward you and toward her. I should never forgive myself if I made mischief between you, no matter how innocent of any evil intention I might be. It was Stella's misfortune ignorantly to misinterpret everything that Penrose said or did, for the all-sufficient reason that he was a priest. She had drawn the conclusion that her husband had deliberately left her alone with Penrose, to be persuaded or deluded into giving her sanction to aid the influence of the priest. "They shall find they are mistaken," she thought to herself.

"Have I interrupted an interesting conversation?" she inquired, abruptly. "When I asked you to come out here you talking to my husband about his historical work?"

"No, Mrs. Romayne; we were not speaking at that time of the book."

"May I ask an odd question, Mr. Penrose?"

"Certainly."

"Are you a very zealous Catholic?"

"No. By experience."

Penrose started. "Is it indiscreet," he said, gently, "to inquire what your experience may have been?"

"I will tell you what my experience has been," Stella replied. "I am ignorant of theological subtleties, and questions of doctrine are quite beyond me. But this I do know: a well-meaning and zealous Catholic shortened my father's life, and separated me from an only sister whom I dearly loved. I see I shock you—and I dare say you think I am exaggerating?"

"I hear what you say, Mrs. Romayne, with very great pain—I don't presume to form any opinion thus far."

"My sad story can be told in a few words," Stella proceeded. "When my elder sister was still a young girl, came of ours (my mother's sister) came to stay with us. She had married abroad, and she was, as I have said, a zealous Catholic. Unknown to the rest of us she held conversations on religion with my sister—worked on the enthusiasm which was a part of the girl's nature—and accomplished her conversion. Other influences, of which I know nothing, were afterward brought to bear on my sister. She declared her intention of entering a convent. As she was under age, my father had only to interpose his authority to prevent this. She was his favorite child. He had no heart to retain her by force—he could only try to do the kindest and best of fathers could do to persuade her to remain at home. Even after the years that have passed, I cannot trust myself to speak of it composedly. She persisted; she was as hard as stone. My aunt, when she was entreated to interfere, called her heartless obstinacy 'a vocation.' My poor father's loving resistance was worn out; he slowly drew nearer and nearer to death from the day when she left us. Let me do her justice if I can. She has not only never regretted entering the convent—she is so happily absorbed in her religious duties that she has not the slightest wish to see her mother or me. My mother's patience was soon worn out. The last time I went to the convent I went by myself. I shall never go there again. She could not conceal her sense of relief when I took my leave of her. I need say no more. Arguments are thrown away on me, Mr. Penrose, after what I have seen and felt. I have no right to expect that the consideration of my happiness will influence you—but I may perhaps ask you, as a gentleman, to tell me the truth. Do you come here with the purpose of converting my husband?"

Penrose owned the truth without an instant's hesitation.

"I cannot take your view of your sister's pious devotion of herself to a religious life," he said. "But I can and will answer you truly. From the time when I first knew him, my dearest object has been to convert your husband."

Stella drew back from him as if he had stung her, and clasped her hands in silent despair.

"But I am bound as a Christian," he went on, "to do unto others as I would they should do to me."

She turned on him suddenly, her beautiful face radiant with hope, her hand trembling as it caught him by the arm.

"Speak plainly!" she cried. He obeyed her to the letter.

"The happiness of my friend's wife, Mrs. Romayne, is sacred to me for his sake. Be the good angel of your husband's life. I abandon the purpose of converting him."

He lifted her hand from his arm and raised it respectfully to his lips. Then, when he had bound himself by a promise that was sacred to him, he said to himself as he left her: "God forgive me if I have done wrong!"

CHAPTER III.—WINTERFIELD RETURNS.

Twice Father Benwell called at Derwent's hotel, and there he was informed that no news had been received there of Mr. Winterfield. At the third attempt his constancy was rewarded. Mr. Winterfield had written and was expected to arrive at the hotel by 5 o'clock.

It was then half-past four. Father Benwell decided to wait the return of his friend.

He was anxious to deliver the packet intrusted to him. The re-sealed packet was safe in the pocket of his long black frock-coat. His own future proceedings depended, in some degree, on the course which Winterfield might take, when he had read the confession of the unhappy woman who had once been his wife.

Would he show the letter to Stella, at a private interview, as an unimpeachable proof that she had cruelly wronged him? And would it in this case be desirable—if the thing could be done—so to handle circumstances, as that Romayne might be present, unseen, and might discover the truth for himself?

In the other event—that is to say, if Winterfield abstained from communicating the confession to Stella—the responsibility of making the necessary disclosure must remain with the priest. In his present uncertainty he could only decide to pay another visit to Ten Acres Lodge, and discover how Penrose

was prospering in the all-important matter of Romayne's conversion.

Father Benwell walked softly up and down the room, looking about him with quietly-observant eyes. A side-table in a corner was covered with letters, waiting Winterfield's return. Always ready for information of any sort, he even looked at the addresses on the letters.

The handwritings presented the customary variety of character. All but three of the envelopes showed the London district postmarks. Two of the other letters (addressed to Winterfield at his club) bore foreign postmarks; and one, as the altered direction showed, had been forwarded from Beauparc house to the hotel.

This last letter especially attracted the priest's attention.

The address was apparently in a woman's handwriting. And it was worthy of remark that she appeared to be the only person among Winterfield's correspondents who was not acquainted with the address of his hotel or of his club. Who could the person be? The subtly-inquiring intellect of Father Benwell amused itself by speculation even on such a trifling problem as this. He little thought that he had a personal interest in the letter. The envelope contained Stella's warning to Winterfield to distrust no less a person than Father Benwell himself!

It was nearly half-past five before quick footsteps were audible outside. Winterfield entered the room.

"This is friendly indeed!" he said. "I expected to return to the worst of all solitudes—solitude in a hotel. You will stay and dine with me. That's right. You must have thought I was going to settle in Paris. Do you know what has kept me so long? The most delightful theater in the world—the Opera Comique. I am so fond of the bygone school of music, Father Benwell—the flowing, graceful, delicious melodies of the composer who followed Mozart. One can only enjoy that music in Paris. Would you believe that I waited a week to hear 'Joconde' delightful 'Joconde' for the second time. I was almost the only young man in the stalls. All round me were the old men who remembered the first performances of the opera, beating time with their wrinkled hands to the tunes which were associated with the happiest days of their lives. What's that I hear? My dog! I was obliged to leave him here, and he knows I have come back!"

He flew to the door and called down the stairs to have the dog set free. The spaniel rushed into the room and leaped into his master's outstretched arms. Winterfield returned his caresses, and kissed him as tenderly as a woman might have kissed her pet.

"Dear old fellow! it's a shame to have left you; I won't do it again. Father Benwell, have you as many friends who would be as glad to see you as this friend? I haven't one. And there are fools who talk of a dog as an inferior being to ourselves! This creature's faithful love is mine, do what I may. I might be disgraced in the estimation of every human creature I know, and he would be as true to me as ever. And look at his physical qualities. What an ugly thing, for instance—I won't say your ear—I will say, my ears, crumpled and wrinkled and naked. Look at the beautiful silky covering of his ear! What are our senses of smelling and hearing compared to his? We are proud of our reason. Could we find our way back, if they shut us up in a basket and took us to a strange place away from home? If we both want to run downstairs in a hurry, which of us is securest against breaking his neck—I on my poor two legs or he on his four? Who is the happy mortal who goes to bed without unbuttoning, and gets up again without buttoning? Here he is, on my lap, knowing I am talking about him, and too fond of me to say to himself, 'What a fool my master is!'"

Father Benwell listened to this rhapsody—so characteristic of the childish simplicity of the man—with an inward sense of impatience, which never once showed itself on the smiling surface of his face.

He had decided not to mention the papers in his pocket until some circumstance occurred which might appear to remind him naturally that he had such things about him. If he showed any anxiety to produce the envelope, he might expose himself to the suspicion of having some knowledge of the contents. When would Winterfield notice the side-table and open his letters?

(To be Continued.)

THE OCEAN'S BOTTOM.

The explorations recently made of deep sea bottoms show a novel consistent of such bottoms to be pumice dust, arising, it is presumed, from submarine volcanic action; so general is it, in fact, that it rarely fails to appear when carefully looked for in any of the dredgings, and it is believed to be the chief origin of the deep sea clays. An additional element, which appears to have been detected at great depths, is "cosmic dust," or dust formed from aerolites. Another interesting point in these explorations is the finding of manganese peroxide in nodules inclosing organic remains—sharks' teeth and pieces of bone.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

The Lowell, Mass., city council voted against granting licenses recently.

A bill has passed both Houses of the Connecticut Legislature declaring either an intoxicating beverage, to be subject to the same restrictions concerning its sale as apply to other liquors.

There have been presented to the Pennsylvania Legislature during the present session petitions signed by at least 100,000 people favorable to the passage of a prohibitory law, and the indications point to its enactment into law by a decided majority.

The governor of Wisconsin signed the bill recently passed by the Legislature prohibiting the practice of "treating." The bill provides that any person who shall hereafter ask another to drink at his expense, or any person consenting to drink at another's expense, shall be liable to arrest and punishment.

Denis Kearney, whose diatribes against the Chinese will be long remembered for their blood-curdling figures of speech, has announced his intention of inaugurating a crusade against the liquor business and against rum-shops, to which he alludes as "those sin-scathed haunts of bummer politicians."

There is food for thought in the story that is told of a young lad, who for the first time accompanied his father to a public dinner. The waiter asked him: "What will you take to drink?" He waited for a moment, he replied: "I'll take what father takes." The answer reached his father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. In a moment his decision was made; and in tones tremulous with emotion, and to the astonishment of those who knew him, he said, "Waiter, I'll take water."

A new departure is being inaugurated by the members of the Protestant Episcopal church in New York city in attracting considerable attention among the other denominations. The intention is to organize a grand church temperance society, extending it throughout the entire church in this country, branches being established not only in each diocese but also in each parish. The rules governing the society are to be exceedingly liberal in their application, and it is the intention to admit anyone to membership without regard to his own personal habits. It makes no difference whether a member is a total abstinent man or not. If he is in sympathy with the cause he may become a member. The means which will be principally adopted by the society to promote temperance will be through the medium of sermons and publications.

Great excitement recently prevailed in the town of Bedford, N. Y. The old board of excise commissioners there were license men. The liquor dealers strove desperately to keep the supremacy, and the temperance people worked even harder to elect their candidate. The five ministers of Mount Kisco made the question the theme of their sermons, and several of them attended at the polls during the day. The ladies' temperance society of the village had placards bearing the inscription, "Free Lunch at Armory Hall," posted all over Mount Kisco. The unruly license advocates were beguiled into Armory hall and waited upon by the ladies. Coffee, cakes, sandwiches and other temperance treats, linked with pleasant voices and smiling faces were regarded by the ladies as a potent means of influencing voters. The result of the election astonished the anti-license people. About 1000 votes were cast, and J. Green Clark received a majority of 118 votes over George W. Gardner. The board is now composed of two anti-license and one license member. Five liquor dealers have lost their occupation in Bedford.

MODERN PROVERBS.

Many of Robert Burns' complete, and even single lines, have become proverbs:

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gold for a that."

Here from "Tam O'Shanter" is another:

"Pleasures are like poppies spread, You seize the flower; its bloom is shed." From his "Address to Unco Guid" we may take:

"What's done we partly may compute, But know not what's reaped."

In one stanza on Captain Grose we meet two proverbs now in use:

"If there's a hole in 'a' coat's coat, A child's amang ye, takin' notes, And faith he'll prunt it!"

In "The Vision" is also a splendid passage of this sort:

"Maid by love's meteor-ray, By passion driven; But yet the light that led astray Was light from heaven."

Alexander Pope pithily wrote:

"True wit is nature to advantage dressed— That oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed."

In his "Essay on Criticism:"

"To err is human; to forgive divine." Cowper wrote:

"A fool must now and then be right, by chance."

SYMBOLICAL EMBROIDERY.

The Babylonian and Ninivite em-broideries have a masculine look, which suggests the design of an artist and the work of slaves. There is no following out of vague fancies; one set of selected forms, each probably with a symbolical intention, following another. The dress as seen on the bas-reliefs in the British museum, is royally gorgeous, and one feels that creatures inferior to monarchs and satraps could never have aspired to such splendours. Probably the embroideries on the garments were executed in gold wire, treated as thread and taken through the linen, and the same system was carried out in adorning the trappings of the horses and chariots. The solid masses of embroidery may have been afterward subjected to the action of the hammer, which would account for their appearing like jeweler's work in the bas-reliefs.—Contemporary Review.

Musicians are the most notable people of the world.

IRISH RUINS.

MANNER OF POOLING AMERICAN TOURISTS.

The old Green castle in the north of Ireland is now a roofless wreck of time and siege, but enough is left of its walls—eight feet thick—and its deep dungeons to show that it was in its time a strong fortress. We walked over the space between the walls, about eighty yards by forty, upon which the sun and the rains descend and where the grass grew knee-deep. Detached bits of wall were covered with splendid ivy. On the walls here and there we saw the little whitewashed, and in the crevices of the rocks the lilac flowers of the toad-flax, which one sees in all such sea-side ruins in Ireland. We climbed the steep crag of the highest portion facing the sea. Many of the stones were loose and slipped out from under our feet. We mounted to the very top of the old battlement, a glorious spot from which to watch a storm when the great waves roll up in the highest portion facing the sea. Creeping from the base of the perpendicular rock a hundred feet below, thick ivy had grown to the very summit, its rootlets and tendrils turning and twisting into and upon each other, hiding the stones better than mortar, sucking out the moisture of the wall, and keeping it as dry as punk. Everywhere in Ireland one is struck by the wonderful tenacity of ivy, which creeps along the ground or crawls up any cliff—clings to the barest flint. If you lift one of the young shoots, it clings to the earth like a hungry leech to human skin. If you turn it up, you see rootlets, like the legs of a caterpillar, by which it attaches itself to the ground, and which it seems to lose when transplanted to America.

We leaned over on the thick leaves and tendrils to pull the pungent berries, when out flew two scared jackdaws just below. We rustled the tendrils, and away scudded a score more of birds to the sea-gulls of this invasion of their ancient nest. Down near the shore white daisies speckled the green grass like a first snow-fall.

But hark! Is that the mystic cry of the cuckoo you are hearing for the first time? How plaintive and lonely its monotone!—"Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!" We have never heard that sound in America except from wretched Swiss clocks. What a world of delightful associations thrills through the brain! How the old familiar stories told us of our parents' romps in the green lanes of the old country come to our memories, and the wonder with which in their childhood days they stopped to listen to this classic bird. There it is again, over in the woodland. Hark! "Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!" One of our company, born in the old land, and now return for the first time in thirty years, began to reach the melting-point, when, looking in the direction of the cry, we caught sight of an incautious Irish boy peeping from behind a tree, with one hand to his mouth, just in the act of repeating this old Green-castle trick of "fooling the people from America who want to hear the cuckoo."—Lippincott.

THE NEWEST FLIRTATION.

To place your umbrella in a rack indicates that it is about to change owners.

To open it quickly in the street means that somebody's eye is going to be put out.

To shunt it, that a hat or two is to be knocked off.

An umbrella carried over the woman the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship.

When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage.

To swing your umbrella over your head signifies "I am making a nuisance of myself."

To trail your umbrella along the sidewalk means that the man behind you is thirsting for your blood.

To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man who follows you.

To wipe your face with it means "I have no handkerchief. This is a severe wipe."

To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a nice silk one signifies "Exchange is no robbery."

To purchase an umbrella means "I am not smart, but honest."

To lend an umbrella indicates "I am a fool."

To return an umbrella means—Never mind what it means. Nobody ever does that.

To turn an umbrella in a gust of wind presages profanity.

To suck the handle of your umbrella means "I am not weaned."

To carry your umbrella in a case signifies that it is a shabby one.

To punch an umbrella into another's ribs means "I hope I don't bore you."

To press an umbrella on a friend, saying "Oh! do take it. I much rather you would than me!" signifies that you are lying.

To give a friend half of your umbrella means that both of you will get wet.

To look at a silk umbrella earnestly means "I long for an acquaintance with you."

To carry an umbrella from home in the morning means "It will clear off."

AMERICAN BOUND BOOKS.

A fashionable dress-maker tells the Cincinnati Enquirer that the chief trouble with women's forms is their irregularity. "The number whose two sides do not correspond is wonderful. Sometimes one shoulder is higher than the other; sometimes one hip is bigger, and sometimes the whole figure is awry. Women's dresses in this era of clinging garments, reveal every imperfection, unless art comes to nature's help." Pads are often sufficient to produce symmetry, according to this expert, but sleeping is something that the dress-maker's art cannot remedy. "It is a common defect in American girls," she says. "Round backs are

A Well Known Lady

Escapes the Grave, and Prays for Her Deliverer.

Mrs. S. A. McCall, of Fergusville, Delaware county, N. Y., writes: "Only a few days before I commenced using the 'Favorite Remedy,' in one of my spasms and sinking spells, my friends thought I was dead, and gave up the attempt to restore me to consciousness. I am confident that if I had not taken your medicine 'Favorite Remedy,' during my periods of critical illness I should never have recovered."

That the Lord may bless you and increase your means of doing good is my daily prayer, and may many yet unborn praise the 'Favorite Remedy' and its discoverer."

THE RUBY RIVER.

To keep the blood pure is the principal end of invocations and discoveries in medicine. To this object probably no store has contributed more signally than Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., in the production of a medicine which has become famous under the name of "Favorite Remedy." It removes all impurities of the blood, regulates the disordered Liver and Kidneys, cures Constipation, Dyspepsia, and all diseases and weaknesses peculiar to Females.

When inquiring of your druggist for this new medicine, avoid mistakes by remembering the name, Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," and the price which is only one dollar a bottle, and that the doctor's address is Rondout, New York.—Ed.

G. H. H. SILSBY & SON,

(Successors to Morrill & Silsby.)

JOB PRINTERS,

BOOK-BINDERS,

PAPER-RULERS,

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

BLANK - BOOKS,

OF ALL KINDS.

Having recently added to their extensive Job Office a Campbell fast Cylinder Power Press are prepared to do all kinds of Job Printing more expeditiously and at lower rates than formerly. Always in stock the largest assortment of

Paper, Stationery and Fancy Goods

IN THE STATE. CONCORD, N. H.

WANTED.

We desire to engage for the coming season competent

COAT MAKERS,

A permanent situation and the highest wages given to desirable work women.

Address stating experience, etc.,

E. W. WOODWARD & SON,

Successors to Woodward, Baker & Co.

Merchant Tailors

Woodward Bld'g, CONCORD, N. H.

HOLIDAY GOODS

In greater variety than ever before, consisting in part of jewelry, Majolica, Japanese, Silver Plated and White Metal Goods, Pocket Auto Albums, Dolls, Dollie Bodies and Heads, Embroideries, Brackets, Work Boxes, Stationery Boxes, Dolls, Dollie Bodies, and many more. Also, a large stock of Toys, and a great variety of Toys, at

The 99c. Store.

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, CONCORD, N. H.

ARLINGTON HOUSE

(ON EUROPEAN PLAN.)

P. A. Roberts, Proprietor,

Cor. Causeway & Canal Sts., BOSTON.

Nearly opp. Fitchburg and Eastern Depots.

SUPERIOR ROOMS AND BEDS,

50c., 75c. and \$1.00.

Ladies' and Gents' Dining Rooms.

Open Sundays. Baggage taken from Depot free.

POTTER & SMALL,

REAL ESTATE BROKERS.

Loans on Real Estate effected.

Mortgages negotiated.

Estates managed. Stocks for sale.

MAIN OFFICE:

21 Merrimack St., Lowell, Mass.

W. E. POTTER, Manager.

BRANCH OFFICE:

Smith's Block, Manchester, N. H.

D. P. SMALL, Manager.

No sales, no charge. "REAL ESTATE GAZETTE" free. 100,000 copies.

We make a specialty in New England made in all parts of New York.

Established 1847.

GARDNER COOK

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

Sash, Doors and Blinds, Window

Frames, Mouldings, Brackets, Stair Rails, &c.

Birth and Fancy Wood Floors put out to order

SCHOOL HOUSE FURNITURE,

Apothecary Cases and Drawers, Packing Cases, Hosiery Boards, &c.

LACONIA, N. H.

300-25

CENTRAL HOUSE,

LACONIA, N. H.

As a very desirable hotel for permanent residents and also for commercial travelers, as it is the nearest to the depot and convenient to all business centers, the house is attractive and guests are always well served at the table. MRS. M. M. FERNALD, Proprietress, J. D. Smith, Manager.

Meredith Eagle.

ISSUED BY THE

Eagle Publishing Company,

Subscriptions and other matters will be attended to at the Meredith Post Office.

Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Envelopes, Cards, Statements, Hand Bills and all other printing \$2.00 for 500—\$2.00 for 1,000. Posters and the like equally as low. Specimens sent free. Work guaranteed to be as good as samples. Good Stock, Good Work. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for sample, or address Meredith Post Office.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1881.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

MEREDITH MATTERS.

E. W. Doe offers his farm for sale.

Examine Ambrose's new furniture.

Frank W. Smith has been seriously sick.

T. B. Nichols has early spring luxuries.

The boys practice in the engine hall.

More tenement houses are called for.

Sam Hodgson has returned from Florida.

Will Robinson is a rising young violinist.

Ira Boynton is suffering with a bad hand.

Mayflowers are becoming quite numerous.

C. W. Neal is recovering from a long illness.

Ike Hall has gone to his home in Westworth.

Rev. N. S. Palmer is recovering from his illness.

Robinson & Son have some nice furniture for sale.

J. R. Quimby, jeweler, has sold out to Perry Ellsworth.

Wadleigh's mill can not run by reason of an accident.

J. M. Seavey has some nice Leghorn hens for sale.

Daniel Bean's horse stove in the dash board the other day.

J. W. Beede & Co. pay no rent and sell good goods cheap.

Z. A. Taylor has a fine stallion colt recently brought here.

The Selectmen have been sharp at work taking the inventory.

Nathaniel Boynton cut his foot recently while chopping wood.

Ed. Cox has returned from Boston greatly benefited in health.

Stephen Wentworth is rapidly finishing up Mr. Warrall's baggage.

Miss Eva Beede has returned from Massachusetts, where she has been studying.

John Roberts has recovered the use of his ankle, badly hurt by an iron bar.

Bartlett & Smith are the right parties to go to for masonry and similar work.

Dearborn's milk wagon broke down the other morning, but no damage was done.

Dr. Phelps has been doing a good business selling flavors and plasters about the village.

Frank L. Harbison is foreman of C. H. Perkins, clerk of Waukeag engine company.

Robinson & Son have made a fine cabinet organ for use in the Congregational vestry.

Mrs. L. D. Robinson's funeral occurred at the Free Baptist church, on Friday of last week.

Rev. Mr. Waterman, of Laconia, has been substituting the last two Sundays for Rev. Mr. Palmer.

One of our young men is accused of stealing 20 cents by a neighboring town's paper.

G. K. James, F. H. Cram and I. C. Boynton are again engineers of our fire department.

Harbison & Son have lately painted two vehicles for Jewell brothers of Center Harbor.

There is great demand for a sidewalk from T. S. Moses' place to the corner of Main and Highland streets.

C. H. Colby has lately added new rustic scenery painted by J. L. Chase, so that he can do still better work than before.

The \$800 voted at the late precinct meeting will be well expended in fixing up the engine house, buying new supplies, etc.

Rev. Mr. Moulton, of Belmont, conducted an Advent meeting, at the Town Hall, several evenings, the early part of the week.

Miss Edith L. Stowell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will open an American kindergarten school here the 25th. Tuition, 30 cents per week.

Parties who wish to aid in widening the plank bridge from Mill street to the Flats may leave their contributions at Clark's mill.

By the recent re-organization of the Board of Education, Rev. James Graham is chairman and treasurer, and G. M. Blair, secretary.

The sermon on "Our National Dangers," delivered on Fast day, at the union services held at the Baptist church, by its pastor, is well spoken of.

The recent death of Miss Etta Blake is a sore affliction to her many friends, for although just entering teens, she had many accomplishments for one so young.

Mechanics' band has elected the following officers: D. A. Vittum, director and leader; E. Kendrick, treasurer; A. V. Pendexter, G. F. Sanborn, C. R. Pease, executive committee; J. P. Kendrick, clerk.

The Laconia Democrat will wait some time before it "picks up the remains" of the Eagle, at least, to say nothing of the others. We are glad that its Meredith correspondent is so well satisfied with the late newspaper "wah."

The Good Templars gave a fine entertainment at the Town Hall, Wednesday night, of the drama, "Above the Clouds," and the farce, "Thirty Minutes for Refreshments." Colby & Dustin's orchestra furnished excellent music.

The Review came out with a patent outside last week, which makes considerable of an improvement over its previous issues. We are surprised that its proprietor has outgrown his terrible prejudice against them so soon, as to order them from the same place where several of his rivals obtain theirs.

With this number the EAGLE completes its first year. In spite of fierce opposition it still lives and has no idea of dying at present, many predictions and wishes to the contrary, notwithstanding. Time will show our course, as well as the strength of our rivals, but we are confident of our ability to outlive them all.

The Manchester Daily Union last Saturday has our thanks for the withdrawal of its recent charges of fraud against us for selling publications at reduced rates. It says in the course of its editorial that it has no doubt right to do so, and "we are convinced from the explanation received that the proprietor did not intend any wrong in the matter." The Manchester Daily Mirror, of the same day also has our thanks for many kind words in its long editorial concerning the same affair, among which it says we are known "as a young man whose word could always be relied on, and who would not have ever engaged with failing to meet his liabilities. He worked for us several years, and we know him as a thoroughly honorable and deserving young man," and also said the "transaction is a perfectly legitimate one."

The well-known Gay Family who have delighted our citizens on several occasions by their pleasing performances, will once more appear after their quite an extended absence, at the Plymouth Theatre, on Monday night, the 19th inst. This time they have a new and interesting evening. The admission is 25c, 35c according to location of seats which may be secured at Belle B. Leighton's store and at the door. The price is very moderate considering the character of the entertainment, and there is no doubt they will be rewarded with a first class audience. The troupe numbers about a dozen members, all artists in their specialties, and a new attraction is introduced, a prominent in which is the "U. S. M. S. Osprey, or the captain's dream," a short drama. Then there are numerous songs, sketches, fine instrumental selections, etc., that are delightful. Some of the members are quite youthful but that enhances their attraction rather than detracting from it. A fine brass band accompanies the troupe which it is a pleasure to listen to. They appear at Meredith on Tuesday, at Ashland on Thursday and at Westworth on Friday.

Tuesday was principally occupied on the case of Perley vs. Dolloff and Smith. Dolloff, as tax collector for the town of Meredith, advertised and sold certain real estate of Perley, situated near Meredith Centre for non payment of taxes. Smith was the purchaser at the sale. Perley, alleging that there was no proper description of the premises, that the selectmen failed to meet all the requirements of the law in assessing the tax, and that there was a failure to suitably advertise the sale. One point talked about in this case is of interest to newspaper men. The notice of the sale appeared only in the supplement of the Independent Statesman, instead of their regular edition. The question was mooted whether this was a sufficient compliance with the law. Parties testified to the facts in this case, and it was reserved for the consideration of the full bench. Judge Hubbard appeared for Perley and C. F. Stone and Judge Rollins for defendants.—Democrat.

In its last issue the Review announces that it terminates the discussion between itself and the EAGLE, saying that if the reader of it is wearied with the prolongation of it is no doubt true. Under these circumstances we also withdrew, regretting that we have been forced to keep the matter before the public so long. We did not begin it, as the circulars that caused so much trouble were sent out confidentially in order to effect a sale of the EAGLE and not to injure any one in Meredith, as we could have done by scattering them there. It was only through treachery that the matter came into dispute. It has been thoroughly discussed by all parties concerned, so that the public should be well informed by this time. Like the Review, we have presented our case and leave it with confidence to an intelligent and discriminating public for judgment. We have explained all charges made against us, and most emphatically deny the numerous false statements, etc., about us. Time, the great test of all things, will be equally impartial to this village, so that "the weakest will go to the wall" first, according to Darwin's celebrated theory of the "survival of the fittest." Consequently all predictions as to the failure or success of one or the other should not be implicitly believed at present, for it is better to wait and see.

The News issued another of its attenuated half blank extras last week in which it raved worse than ever. Arguments it had none, and never did have many. But of lying abuse, stale statements, weak predictions, false deductions, unlimited blackguardism, and unneeded for insults there was no lack. Having

already disposed of all these matters in former issues, there is no necessity of our repeating the same the way he has done, consequently we shall not attempt to. As with the Review controversy we leave the result to a fair and impartial public opinion. Since the Review proposes to continue the contest we hope they will till they are satisfied. We have not been found wanting during the past in our disposition and ability to resist the many bold and cowardly attacks made upon us and our friends, and all may rest assured that while we seldom begin a contest, we are always ready to take the field when occasion demands and stand on the defensive, or even take the offensive, until "the last gun is fired and the smoke clears away." When the News or anybody else discovers anything new that demands explanation we will guarantee to give them all the satisfaction they want, and we trust we have done reasonably well so far. If not satisfied try us again, or somebody else whom you well know was the originator of the Meredith project, while he worked in our office, as we knew nothing of the field until it was described to us and our aid solicited with the results already seen.

George W. Dolloff, LAKE VILLAGE, N. B., MERCHANT TAILOR, (Opposite Mt. Belknap House.) Always keeps all the Latest Novelties the Market affords.

He makes his suits to order equal to the best in the city at low prices as ordinary work can be bought for elsewhere.

Particular attention given to cutting garments for others to make.

OPINION OF AN EMINENT CONDUCTOR.

GOTTHOLD CARLBURG, the celebrated Conductor, writes:

MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO., N. Y. GENTLEMEN—I had the pleasure of trying several of your Upright Pianos, and must pay you a sincere compliment for the power of tone and excellent quality of touch in your instruments. No less delighted I was with one of your Grand Pianos, which I consider fully enough to take its rank in the very best in the country, and hope will be played in concert halls frequently. I wish you all the success you so fully deserve, and remain,

Yours very truly, GOTTHOLD CARLBURG.

ELM HOUSE.

This house is too well known to need any further comment.

10-30 Live Stable Attached.

C. M. BURLEIGH, Proprietor.

J. A. LANG,

For Sale PIANOS and To Let.

See J. A. Lang's Piano of all grades and styles, either on lease or sale, on the most satisfactory terms.

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ROBINSON & SON, SUPERIOR CABINET Organs



Meredith, N. H. Our organ cases are all made from SOLID BLACK WALNUT other woods as may be desired, and thoroughly seasoned, and will stand any test that wood is capable of. In the construction of these organs we use nothing but the very best materials obtainable.

PRICES FROM \$75 AND UPWARDS.

WE ARE MAKING A GOOD

SUBSTANTIAL ORGAN

with 2 full sets of reeds and tremolo for the unprecedented

Low Price of

\$75.

All instruments are warranted for SIX YEARS.

Having had many years' experience at Piano-making we feel confident that we can offer work second to no other manufacturer in this or any other State in the country.

Organs Constantly on Hand or Built to Order,

containing any number of combination of stops. Bayers of organs will readily perceive the great advantage in having their organ constructed under their own supervision, and purchasing at first hand, thereby saving agents' commissions.

We are also manufacturers for RETAIL ONLY

Superior Walnut

And other

EXTENSION TABLES

OF SPLENDID FINISH

Which we are offering at JOBBERS' PRICES.

Tables of any length desired.

Our tables are all made firm, and designed to stand the solid wear of every day use.

Please send for circular and price list.

HOLMAN'S

PADS

CURE THE ONLY

simply TRUE

BY ABSORPTION. MALARIAL Antidote.

Holman's Ague, Liver and Stomach

Pad—For MALARIA, AGUE, STOMACH AND LIVER COMPLAINTS. Price \$3.00.

Holman's Special Pad—Adapted to old chronic cases. Price \$3.00.

Holman's Spleen Pad—For splenic troubles of enlarged Spleen and unyielding Liver and Stomach troubles. Price \$3.00.

Holman's Infant's Pad—For ailments of infants and children. Price \$1.50.

Holman's Menstrual Pad—For Kidney and Bladder complaints. Price \$3.00.

Holman's Uterine Pad—For female troubles. Price \$3.00.

Holman's Descriptive Medical Body

Plaster—The best plaster made—porous on rubber latex. Price 25c.

Holman's Absorbent Medical Pads—For hemorrhoids and anal troubles. Price 25c.

Absorption Salt—Medicated Foot Bath—For colds, rheumatism, and all cases where a foot bath is needed. Per half lb. package, 50c.

For sale by all druggists

